

The
HOPKINS ARMS

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THE HOPKINS ARMS

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THE HOPKINS ARMS

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Editorials

SUCCESS

WHAT is "Success"? I'd say, "Happiness." And now you ask, what might happiness be? I see it as being busy at something you like. A man with millions may not be a success. He can still do things to make himself and others unhappy; or he may set rivers afire as chairman of some board of directors, yet be unable to inspire a flicker of warmth in the heart of a fellowman.

Did you ever see a man or a woman, happy doing work they didn't like? Did you ever see a pupil doing good in a subject he didn't like? Do the work that appeals the most to you, and success and happiness will be yours.

CLASSMATES

CLASSMATES—what beneficial elements have they in store for any student? Some might answer that they have none, and that's where I come in, for I maintain that association with classmates does a student a great deal of good. Being members of the same class, means having many interests in common, such as all sorts of class teams, class social functions and class picnics. Some even take up the same studies. So much association with one another makes them more sociable. Almost every school has some kind of interclass competition. It may be in athletics, debating, singing, or anything else, for that matter. To hold their own in any

one of these contests, the classmates must work together. In that way, they learn co-operation. In many classes, the teachers sometimes let the pupils have small debates and arguments. This makes them broader-minded, and teaches them that everything has two sides, as they have to listen and get the other fellow's point of view. Therefore, somewhat revising Longfellow's words, I shout, "What a dull place this world would be, indeed, if classmates were no more!"

THE MAGIC OF GOOD BOOKS

HAVE you ever been enchanted by the magic of a good book? It is a spell that even reality rarely throws on us. What a delightful spell it is! We are borne to distant lands and relive the joys and sorrows of people of olden times. Historical romances are sometimes so vivid that upon reading them we say with envy, "I wish I had lived then." Books by authors that have an astute knowledge of human nature create characters that seem to live, talk, laugh, and cry, as we follow them through their adventures. If they are characters that we admire, we often try to copy them. Many people that know the magic of good books, turn to them in times of stress and weariness for solice, comfort, and enjoyment. People in later life often enhance the hours, that they spent engrossed in good books by saying that they were among the most worthwhile hours of their youth.

Exchanges

Hopkins Academy receives with delight,
The different exchanges from valleys and heights.
All different, humorous, instructive and clever,
Our Union of Spirit never will sever.

And now we will comment on what your papers say
Not as a critic, but in a kind way.
We hope you will comment on our papers too
Thus constructing a fine review.

The Alumni Weekly from the "U. of V."
Certainly suits us to a "T"
Your Athletic reports kept us a going
The accounts of your games are vigorous and glowing.

The Deerfield Scroll from Deerfield, Mass.
The question—"Is your paper good"?—the answer—"Yes".
Your paper in general, is in the right boat.
But may we ask, "Where are your jokes"?

The Sign Board from Springfield B. P. I.
 You have no reason to groan or to sigh.
 We see your paper improving each year,
 You can run the race of success without fear.

The Commerce from Springfield H. S. C.
 The door of prospects is locked, you've got
 the key.
 Your articles are short but they show suc-
 cess.
 They contain common sense I must confess.

The Profile from Manchester, New Hamp-
 shire,
 Against you no one can laugh or jeer.
 Although your paper is small, there's plenty
 in it.
 The prize for the best is your chance to win
 it.

The Massachusetts Collegian from M. S. C.
 Your paper is popular o'er mountain and lea.
 Your college news and reports are superb.
 You've got a long run before you get to the
 curb.

The Graphic Review—Amherst High School
 Your social news ranks with the best
 And your athletic reviews show great success.
 We see you have fine orators and debaters,
 We have them too if we do raise "potaters".

The Tattler from Williamsburg, that quaint
 little town,
 Has produced a paper both solid and sound.

Your photos are certainly called "First
 Class"
 Your literary section thro ages will last.

The Spotlight comes from the town of South
 Hadley,
 Which the mountain looms over and shelters
 so gladly
 Your "Flashes" were certainly original and
 humorous,
 Your stories and poems were interesting and
 numerous.

The Exponent—Greenfield, Mass.
 Your paper the gates of success will go thro,
 Your school has a reason to be proud of you,
 For your personals and jokes are humorous
 and witty
 Very fine I should say for such a small city.

Lasell Leaves—Auburndale, Boston, Mass.
 Your poems and "locals" to us intrigue
 Your Editorials and personals to prosperity
 leap by leagues.
 All this to your paper is pertaining
 About all of which it is containing.

The Oracle—M. H. S. Manchester, N. H.
 Your stories and editorials are fine, surely
 the latter.
 Your magazine shows good spirit toward
 Alma Mater.
 Success comes from the ones that "Don't
 shirk"
 Therefore, *The Oracle* shows a lot of hard
 work.

School News

HOW did you like the Senior Social?—
 What? You didn't go? Well, you cer-
 tainly missed something! You want me to
 tell you about it? Alright, I'll start right
 from the beginning.

At the door of the gym, we were greeted
 by two witches, who, we later learned, were
 Catherine Nycz and Statia Drozdal. Anna
 Baj, dressed as a ghost, accompanied them.
 They really looked genuine! While waiting
 for the crowd to gather, I had a chance to
 look around. The place filled up quickly. It
 was appropriately decorated with black cats
 and witches jumping out at one from behind

every beam. Well, finally the stage curtain
 went up on a one act play called, "Squaring
 it with the Boss." And was it comical! I'll
 say! Dave Coffey, as the boss was ripping!
 John Russell and Rita Pelissier, as the young
 married couple, kept the crowd chuckling.
 Tophie Moore and Anna Martula, as the old-
 maid aunts, were a scream! But you should
 have seen Ray Smart! He took the part of
 a baby, and what a "baby" he proved to be!
 Following this, a pantomime, called "Poky-
 hontus" was given with the whole class par-
 ticipating. The class then sang a medley of
 songs which were well received by the audi-

ence. Miss Keefe took charge of the games which lasted for half an hour. These were full of laughs.

Hamilton's orchestra furnished the music for dancing. For refreshments, we had real Hallowe'en eats—cider and doughnuts.

What's that? You say it sounds good? Oh, man! It was even better than it sounds! The reason for its success? The work of Miss Keefe and the Senior Class to make it so, of course! You're coming to the next one? You'd better!

ONE Friday evening a large crowd came and enjoyed some movies at the Hopkins gymnasium. The movies consisted of a "crazy-cat" cartoon. Next, "Slim" Summer-ville, that king of comedians, appeared on the screen in a short skit called, "Wee, Wee, Marie." Another comedy, "Skinner Steps Out," ended the movies, following which, Jud Gouger's six-piece orchestra played for dancing. This ended a very enjoyable evening.

THE Classes of Hopkins Academy have elected their officers as follows:

Seniors:

Pres.—Edward Mojkszecki

Vice-Pres.—Rita Pelissier

Sec.—Anna Baj

Treas.—Anna Reardon

Juniors:

Pres.—Chester Kulikowski

Vice-Pres.—Katherine Roberts

Sec.—Felicia Poklewski

Treas.—Cedric Gouger

Sophomores:

Pres.—Carl Jekanoski

Vice-Pres.—Statia Zygmunt

Sec.—Anna Bemben

Treas.—Judson Gouger

Freshmen:

Pres.—Anthony Martula

Vice-Pres.—Marion Fil

Sec.—Elinore Shockro

Treas.—Joseph Punska

The following class advisers have been appointed:

Seniors—Miss Keefe

Juniors—Mrs. Reed

Sophomores—Miss Scott

Freshmen—Mr. Stanisiewski

THE latest edition to the Hopkins Academy faculty is Mr. Leon Stanisiewski, a graduate of Massachusetts State College. While at college Mr. Stanisiewski compiled a fine record as a student, besides being a fine athlete. He was varsity end on the football team, and in his senior year, captained the crack M. S. C. basketball team. He is teaching chemistry, general science and algebra. He is to coach the basketball team.

Literary

THE RACE

THE small Alaskan town was ablaze with excitement. Shops were closed and school children had their freedom for a day, since this was the day of the great race. The big event was to start at 12 o'clock noon. People of all nationalities were seen hurrying to the place where the race was to start. Indians, half-breeds, mixed whites and Eskimos mingled together. Some had traveled hundreds of miles just to see the great race.

There were nine entries. The half-breed Joe; the Indian, White Hawk; River Rat, the Eskimo; the Englishman, Gaynor; the twin Eskimos, Joe and Frank Bang; two native men of the town; and the American Leavitt made up the nine.

The men were padding the dogs' feet and

rubbing their muscles to make sure they were all ready for the hard strain.

Leavitt's leader was a thoroughbred Danish sled dog. He had won three straight races for his master and meant to put every ounce of strength into winning this one. His sleek head looked intelligent and his body fairly quivered with eagerness.

Leavitt patted his head saying in low tones, "Good old Wendall you are surely excited, aren't you old boy?"

The dog gave a sharp yelp in reply and looked lovingly up at his master.

"Time to get ready," announced Leavitt and proceeded to harness up his huskies. Six grey sled dogs and Wendall comprised his outfit and they made a wonderful sight as they walked through the town to the goal.

"That half-breed's dogs ain't so bad lookin'," he mused aloud, "and the twins have dandy lookin' teams. Well they'll have to look out that's all."

The teams lined up along the starting line. The shot was fired and they trotted out of town.

For the first five miles they followed the river then turned and crossed the plain to Deer Canyon.

The canyon was full of ravines and was very slippery from the recent sleet storm. Wendall ran along carefully guiding his team to the safest places.

Leavitt's team was leading until Wendall, going over a rock, slipped and cut his foot. The wound was a bad one and Leavitt had to take him on the sled. For miles the injured dog rode without moving.

All except two sleds had passed them when they reached the half-way mark. At the three-quarter mark, Wendall jumped off and lagged along behind. The load lighter, the team now made better progress.

Two more miles, and Wendall was fairly begging to be put back in the harness, and so Leavitt gave him his customary place in the lead.

The team, seeing their leader again, renewed their courage, straining their muscles to win the race. They had gained rapidly until they were in third place and gaining on the one in front of them.

Wendall barked to his followers to put out more speed. They responded by passing the second sled and putting the first in sight. They were now on the homeward stretch. Try as he would Leavitt could not gain on the first team and they raced until at last the goal was in sight.

With a final burst of speed they crossed the goal line, two yards ahead of the other team. The large crowd that had gathered went wild with excitement as the victorious team slowly trotted down the street to their kennels.

Leavitt was so overjoyed that he was unable to speak as the purse of \$5,000 was presented to him. As for Wendall, the great huskie, all he cared about was a good night's sleep.

Rita Pelissier '32.

TWO BRACELETS

ONCE upon a time, hundreds of years ago, a beautiful young girl, named Norberta,

lived all alone in a cottage. Norberta had fair hair, blue eyes, a rosebud mouth and a milky white complexion. The fairies had not bestowed wealth upon her, so that was why she was spinning on Christmas eve. She was sad and lonely, for her mother had died only two weeks ago. And she had just heard that on New Year's Day she would have to go to live with someone else.

She thought of the last Christmas. How happy she had been with her mother, and what a delicious supper they had had. She had cooked this afternoon, but now she had no appetite. Strangling a sob, she went into the adjoining room, from which she brought out two packages. From the first, she took a coarse, embroidered shawl that she had meant to give her mother that day. From the other package she took an ermine-trimmed gown and a gold bracelet set with beautiful stones. She was so surprised that she stood as if stunned for a minute, for only royalty wore ermine and such jewels. However the gift without the giver was bare. Berta lighted a candle and put it in the window. Then she went back to her spinning. To further carry out their Christmas customs, she sang the hymnas that her mother had taught her. Berta wished she had a friend to whom she could talk. Her mother was considered feeble-minded by the neighbors as she sometimes talked of the days when she had been queen. On her death bed she had prophesied that some good fortune would befall Berta before the new year came. This belief made her separation from her beloved daughter more bearable.

Norberta stopped spinning suddenly as she heard a gruff voice say, "Fair lady let us in." With a scream she sprang to the barred door. Then Berta heard the gentle voice of a woman saying, "Do not be afraid. 'Tis only four weary travelers who are seeking a night's lodging."

The young woman entered first saying kindly, "I hope we didn't frighten you. We were first attracted by your light, then by your singing. Are you alone? What is your name?"

Norberta introduced herself and bade them enter her humble cottage. The light disclosed a richly dressed, travel-stained young man and lady. The young lady introduced them, "Baldy, this is Norberta. Norberta, this is my brother Baldy. My name is Elnora."

Berta had never seen such a handsome

young man. She looked at him and said doubtfully, "He isn't bald. He has beautiful curly hair."

At this, Baldy stepped forward, bowed, and said, "Greetings Domina. Er-er you see my name is er-hum Prince Ubaldus." He bowed again.

"Now you've spoiled it. I told you not to say you were a prince," reproved Elnora.

They now turned to their supper which two servants had spread on the table. Berta found herself growing more at ease with these strangers.

While Ubaldus was seeking a seat in the scantily furnished room after supper, he found the dress and bracelet. With a low exclamation of triumph, he produced another bracelet to match that one. In those days it was the custom to wear two bracelets that matched.

"Elnora, we have found her!" he exclaimed.

He asked Berta to whom the bracelet belonged.

Berta very much mystified, answered, "It was mother's, of course. What do you mean? Mother died two weeks ago."

"Ah! Princess Norberta, began Baldy, but Berta stopped him saying, "Prince, I am not a princess."

"Let me tell it," said Elnora.

"On his deathbed, our father begged us to do what we could to recompense your mother and you, whom he had wronged by an irreparable act, when he was a youthful king. He sent your mother and you, then a baby, into exile, so that he could take your mother's kingdom for himself. You will come with us to our court to see Baldy crowned as King Ubaldus, won't you?" finished Elnora.

Berta nodded dazedly. Meanwhile, Prince Ubaldus looked at her admiringly thinking that King Ubaldus and Queen Norberta would sound perfect.

Berta realizing her good fortune said, "What wonderful Christmas news you have brought me. Now I won't have to live with some villager but will have Princess Elnora for a friend. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Er. I thing you'd like to keep these two bracelets in memory of today. I hope you'll have a still happier Christmas next year," said Baldy presenting the bracelets to Berta and bowing.

—Janina Czajkowski '32

OLD 98'S CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

OLD "98" rounded Bear Corner carrying with it hundreds of people hurrying home for Christmas. The train was already an hour late for it was becoming more and more difficult to force a way through the drifts. The storm was increasing every minute; people began to shake their heads doubtfully, at the thought of home. Night had already fallen, and it was so dark that even with the powerful train lights the tracks could not be seen. Older people began to talk about the blizzard of "88".

A Harvard cheer leader jumped up and paced the aisle. Finally he shouted, "Come on! gang; let's go!" A group of his followers joined in the cheer but this sudden spirit of enthusiasm soon died out. All were growing more nervous at every drift the train hit. "First call for dinner."

No one responded to the call. Even appetites were lost in the blizzard.

"Second call for dinner."

The porter and his dinner call were making the whole car nervous.

"Last call for din—" The cry was smothered with someone's "Latest Hits from Broadway". A few whose minds were free and easy were snoozing. The train was barely moving; at frequent intervals it stopped for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Ten o'clock! The passengers would not be home for Christmas. The train had already been standing still an hour. The porters were preparing the traveler's beds in a far corner. Some one started, "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear," others joined in with all their hearts. Some one produced a violin, another a harmonica. Porters stopped work and joined in with their lonely southern voices. Forgotten were the blizzard, the cold and the loneliness. Song followed song with the same Christmas spirit. As the lonely passenger stood singing "Silent Night" a sudden lurch of the train sent most of them sprawling. The train had started—No, it was the snow plow! Christmas Eve and home.

Katherine Dwyer '34.

THANKSGIVING—ITS JOYS AND TRIALS

THANKSGIVING is usually termed as a happy, cheerful holiday, and so it is. Still all things have their unpleasant aspects, even this festive holiday.

When the turkey comes out of the oven, an aroma that is almost heavenly escorts it. And when pies have finished baking and are cooling, perhaps near an open window, isn't it the most temptatious sight you ever hoped to look at? But the crushing thought of not tasting them until dinner time—well that just takes the wind out of your sails. Of course the cook is asked many questions as to the time dinner will be served. The answer she always gives—"As soon as it's ready"—does not give you the least bit of satisfaction.

Just as you are about to leave the cook with a contemptuous reply, another odor greets your nostrils. It is the floating fragrance of cranberries boiling merrily over a cheerful fire. As the smell goes straight to your stomach, which is very, very empty, you feel like rushing into the kitchen and cleaning up the turkey right then and there.

At last! The cook is showing signs of awakening, for she empties the mashed potatoes into a huge dish and trots into the dining room with it.

Soon the whole Thanksgiving dinner is on the table—turkey—boy! What a monster!

Potatoes, squash and all fixings for a perfect dinner.

The pie is being served and you select a large piece of your favorite—pumpkin. A few forkfuls—and then, astounding realization that you are too full to finish it!!

Ah well! Let us be thankful that Thanksgiving comes only once a year.

—Margaret Hanigan '34

WELCOME, WELCOME, WINTER

Welcome, welcome, Winter,
Rid us of the Fall.

Send your wind, your cold, your storms,
We can stand them all.

Cover all the cold bare ground.
Decorate the trees.
Send your fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the breeze.

Welcome jolly Winter!
Make the whole world gay.
Don't you thrill with happiness
As we welcome you today?

—Agnes.

Alumni News

'31

Ruth Pelissier, Dorothy Cook, Helen Connolly, Margaret Reardon, and Mary Dec are freshmen at M. S. C.

Evelyn Day and Mary Suleski have entered Northampton Commercial College.

Charles Kulkowski is a freshman at Amherst College.

Mary Powers has started a two year course at Miss Twitchett's Kindergarten School in Springfield.

Phil Reed and Joe Martula have entered Deerfield Academy.

Dorothy Russell has entered North Adams Normal School.

Helen Zenzaya is taking a course at Bay Path Institute in Springfield.

'30

Helen Powers is a sophomore at M. S. C.

Thomas Jekanowski is a freshman at Georgetown University.

Caroline Kusek has started her second year of training in Wesson Memorial Hospital in Springfield.

Ruth McQueston and Marion Day are sophomores at Middlebury.

Mary Wanat, Nellie Gwozdik, and Dwight Horton have started their second year at Northampton Commercial College, Charles Suleski is also there this year.

Miriam Searle is taking a course at Smith College.

Gordon Cook and Stanley Doskotz are freshmen at Stockbridge.

'29

Helen Pelissier graduated from North Adams Normal School last June and is now teaching in Mt. Washington.

Henry Sadlowski graduated from Bay Path Institute last June.

Raymond Pelissier is a junior and Russell Taft a sophomore at M. S. C.

Lucy Mokrzecki has accepted the position as supervisor of writing in the Parochial Schools of New York.

'28

Eugene Jekanowski is a senior at Bates.
Stanley Jekanowski is a junior at Colby.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Lathan. Mrs. Lathan was formerly Agnes Kwoka.

Josephine Kwoka has completed her training course at the Dickinson Hospital.

'27

Victor Pinio is a senior at M. S. C.

John Martula is finishing his course at Bay Path Institute.

'26

Ruth Scott graduated from M. S. C. in June and is now teaching science at Woodword, Conn.

Clarence Shockro held a successful opening of his new rose house, in Suncook, N. H., recently.

The wedding of Josephine Toole and Edward Tudryn took place in August. They are now living in Northampton.

Joseph Pekala has begun his 6th year at Vermont University, where he is completing his medical course.

'25

Miss Florence Cook attended the M. S. C. summer school. Miss Cook is a teacher at Claremont, N. H.

Charles Murphy has been appointed manager of the First National Store in Hadley.

'23

Olive Keefe and Joseph Clapper of New York were married in June. They are living in White Plains, N. Y.

'22

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Stackpole (Kathryn Toole) are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter, Anne Douglas.

'20

Miss Lorena Scott motored through the southern states this summer.

'18

The marriage of Helen Keefe and Harry Walsh took place in August.

Athletics

It is so customary to say each year that Hopkins has one of the best soccer elevens in the valley that to say it this year seems like vain repetition. However, when the season opened and Sam Wentzel, Joe Martula, Roger Barstow, Charles Kulikowski, Stan Niksa, John Waskiewicz of the crack 1930 team were listed among the graduates, it did not look as though Hopkins could possibly find players to fill the places of such crack athletes. We opened the season at New Salem academy winning by a score of 4 to 0. This was a fine start but the score did not indicate how well the New Salem boys played or how lucky we were on several of our scores. On Oct. 9 Easthampton high school met us on our field. The visitors outplayed us in all departments but we managed to come through with a tie, 1 to 1. On the 14th the team played at Williston. Again we were outplayed and this time we lost 3 to 1. These two games brought out clearly several points. First, there was plenty of scrap and determination on the squad and second that while we did not have the scoring punch of the 1930 team there was plenty of soccer ability on the squad and the ag-

gressive qualities and speed shown made all feel that once team play and steadiness had been developed, the Hopkins boys would win a number of games. The spirit was there and in the last analysis spirit is the big factor. On Oct. 16, Orange high school defeated us by a 2 to 1 score. Although defeated the team appeared to be on the way. At Easthampton on the 20th, the team proved to its supporters that it had arrived and won 2 to 1. Hopkins' team play was the feature. This started the team on a series of victories as follows: Oct. 23, Hopkins 3, New Salem 0; Oct. 28, Hopkins 6, Orange high school 0; Oct. 30, Hopkins 1, St. Michael's high school 0; Nov. 3, Hopkins 2, Smith Academy 0; Nov. 4, Hopkins 4, Alumni 2; Nov. 6, Hopkins 4, St. Michael's 1. Captain Mike Bemben led the team to these important victories. He played at inside right and led an imposing line which consisted of Steve Mushenski at center; Sammy Sormolowois, inside left; Frank Blorder and Tom Roberts on the wings and Eddie Pekala, Eddie Mokrzejcki, Ray Surgen and Zoofie Marchinowski filling in anywhere on the line. Tony Tenanes was moved

up from fullback to take the center half post where his aggressive playing, ability to boot with either foot and speed could be used to the best advantage. Cedric Gouger and John Punska were dependable half backs and with Tony completed a fine all-around set of backs. Johnnie Bemben, a most versatile athlete, was used in the line, on the wings or at half back. John Russell, Frank Kostek, Joe Drodzal, Mike Pekala saw much service in the back field. The two fullbacks were John Rytuba and Joe Szarkowski while Tony Martula was the regular goalie. It was a well-balanced outfit and when in stride was a match for any high school soccer team. Mike Bemben, Tom Roberts, Steve Mushenski and Frank Bloyder were outstanding in front line play. Johnny Bemben turned in some high class work no matter what position he played. Eddie Mokrzecki was also called on for much work and always performed with credit. John Russell and Frank Kostek helped the eleven to come through to a number of victories, while Mike Pekala and Joe Drodzal were always ready to take any position assigned to them. The last two games were disappointments as the boys hoped to keep their slate clear after the start of the series of victories. But no team can expect to be at top form at all times. On Nov. 10 we went to Monson to

play a tie game with the Monson high school, score 2 to 2. The last game of the season was with our old rivals from Smith academy. We had won over them ten days before at Hatfield but our two goals were obtained only after the best kind of soccer and it took some exceptionally strong defensive play by Martula, Rytuba and Szarkowski to keep them from scoring. So we expected a hard game and Smith academy did not disappoint us. Neither side scored in the first quarter although Hopkins was repeatedly in a scoring position. In the second quarter the visitors outplayed us in all departments and finally scored a goal. Hopkins worked hard in the last half but great defensive play by Smith academy continually stopped Hopkins' determined offensive. It went down as one of the best games ever played here.

The season over it was again easy to say "Hopkins had one of the best soccer teams in the western part of the state". Captain Bemben had led an aggressive, hardy bunch of athletes who played for the team and the school. Everybody connected with the team in any capacity will tell anyone that in John Callahan the team had a real, efficient manager who in his quiet way saw to it that all the duties that fell to the manager were properly carried out. It was a fine, enjoyable season.

PA TREATS THE KIDDIES

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. C. and children left Sunday for Wichita, where they will take treatment for his ears, and the family will enjoy the show.

Mrs. Brown: "We have been married a year and never quarrel. If a difference of opinion arises and I am right, Mr. Brown always gives in immediately."

Friend: "And if he is right?"

Mrs. Brown: "That never occurs."

My girl is hard to stop;
She lit a match—the tank went "pop!"
A smile lit up her angel face,
She's autoing on thru starry space.

Mrs Reed: "What in the world did you do to this meat? It has such a peculiar taste."

Mr. Reed: "Oh nothing. It did get a little burnt, but I fixed it—I applied Unguentine right away."

John Russell (changing tire): "Muscle Shoals!"

D. Coffey: "Why Muscle Shoals?"

John Russell: "It's the biggest dam I know of."

Rita Pelissier (calling father at office): "Hello, who is this?"

Father (recognizing daughter's voice): "The smartest man in the world."

Rita: "Pardon me, I got the wrong number."

Young Lady: "I can't imagine what's the matter with me doctor. I'm continually thinking about myself."

Doctor: "Tut, tut! You must stop worrying over trifles."

Boss: "Why are you late this morning?"

Worker: "Well you see, there were eight sleeping at my house last night and the alarm was only set for seven."

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